



THE

Jolly Beggar.

To which are added,

The Duke of Argyle's Courtship
to an English Lady,

AND

The Weaver's Daughter.



PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE
The Jolly Beggar.



There was a jolly beggar,
And a begging he had been,
With his fal de dal lal lal a.
And he took up his quarters,
In a house in Aberdeen,
With his toran oran an de odi.

The beggar wadna lie in barn,
Nor yet wad he in byre,
With his fal de dal &c.
But he would lie into the ha',
Or then beyond the kitchen fire,
With his toran oran an de odi,

The beggar's bed was well made,
With clean hay and straw,
With his fal de dal, &c.
And beyond the kitchen fire,
There the jolly beggar lay,
With his toran oran an de odi.

The lassie then she did get up,
To bar the kitchen door,
With a fal de dal, &c.
And there she met the jolly beggar
Standing naked on the floor,
With his toran oran an de odi.

He gript the lassie by the middle jimp,
Laid her against the wa',
With his fal de dal, &c.

O kind Sir, she said, be civil,
 For you will waken my dad-da,
 With your toran oran an de odi.

He never minded what she said,
 But carried on the stroke,
 With his fal de dal, &c.

Till he got the job done,
 Then he began to joke,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

Have you got ony dogs about the house,
 Or ony cats awa,
 With his fal de dal, &c.

For I'm fear'd they'll cut my meal pocks,
 Before I gang awa,
 With my toran oran an de odi.

The lassie took up the meal pocks,
 Threw them against them wa',
 With a fal de dal, &c.

O de'il tak your meal pocks,
 My maidenhead's awa,
 With your toran oran an de odi.

The lassie she got up again,
 Three hours before 'twas day,
 With a fal de dal, &c.

For to gi'e the beggar hansel,
 Before he went away,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

She went into the cellar,
 To draw a pot of ale,
 With a fal de lal, &c.

And the beggar follow'd after
 And did the joke again,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

He laid her on the ringle tree,
 And gave her kisses three,
 With his fal de lal, &c.
 And gave her twenty guineas,
 To pay the nurses fee.
 With his toran oran an de odi.

Had you been an honest lass,
 As I took you to be,
 With a fal de lal, &c.
 You might have rode in your carriage,
 And gone along with me,
 With my toran oran an de odi.

This beggar he took a horn,
 And blew it wondrous shrill,
 With his fal de lal, &c.
 And four-and-twenty belted knights
 Came riding o'er the hill,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

Now if you are afraid,
 That you should miscall your child,
 With his fal de lal, &c.
 You may call him for the daddy o't,
 The great Duke of Argyle,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

*The Duke of Argyle's Courtship to an
English Lady.*

Did you ever hear of a loyal Scot,
Who was never concern'd in any plot,
I wish it might fall to my lot,
To marry you my deary, O.

I wish I had you in Kintyre,
And there your beauty I would admire,
O then I would have my heart's desire,
If you would marry me my deary, O.

You shall have plenty of barley bannock store,
With geese and fine ducks at the door,
And a good chaff bed upon the floor,
If you will marry me my deary, O.

You shall have plenty of good Scots kail,
With a good fat haggis at every meal,
After that, good Scots cakes and ale,
If you will marry me, my deary, O.

O get you gone you saucy Scot,
Your haggis shall never boil in my pot,
For you are a proud and prating sot,
And never shall be my deary, O.

I will clout your hose, and mend your shoon,
And if you chance to have a son,

I'll make him laird when all is done,
If you will marry me, my deary, O.

Your clouted hose I cannot wear,
Your mended shoon I can't endure,
And for your lordship I am not sure,
And I never shall be your deary, O.

The deil pick out your twa black een,
I wish your face I ne'er had seen,
For you are a proud and saucy quean,
And you never shall be my deary, O.

I am a noble lord of high renown,
I am great Argyle when I come to town,
But my blue bonnet has fallen down,
And you never shall be my deary, O.

O pardon, pardon, Argyle, allow,
For what I have done in saying so,
To the Highland hills with you I'll go,
Along to be your deary, O.

There is not a whore in London town,
Shall set a foot on Campbell's ground,
For I am related to the crown,
And you never shall be my deary, O

I am a noble lord of great renown,
I am great Argyle when I come to town,
While drums do beat, and trumpets sound,
You never shall be my deary, O.

wish I had you in Lancashire,
 To follow me through dub and mire,
 Yet hats from bonnets might retire,
 And you never shall be my deary, O.

The Weaver's Daughter.

It was in the charming fine summer weather,
 When Flora yields a fine fragrant scent,
 A brisk young Squire with his hat and feather,
 Into the town of Norris went :
 And there he tarried, much gold he carried ;
 He spied a damsel beautiful and fair,
 This maid he fancy'd, her name was Nancy,
 A weavers daughter that lived there.

He fixed his ogling eyes upon her,
 With every motion for to enjoy ;
 He often crav'd her of her honour,
 But modest Nancy was something coy.
 He often courted, and likewise sported,
 And in his arms did her enfold :
 He said, my dear Nancy, if you please my fancy,
 I will give you a chain of gold.

He would not blemish my reputation,
 For all the favours you could bestow :
 I mean to live in an honest station,
 No man alive shall serve me so,
 Keep your laces, your kind embraces,
 Such silly trifles won't my fancy move ;

Till death I'll tarry, unless I marry,
No man alive shall my ruin prove.

Although that I'm but a weaver's daughter,
I think as much of myself, she cried,
As those who make it their whole endeavour,
To kiss for gold, and in coaches ride ;
Their cheeks are painted, their bodies tainted,
Prove the bad effects of their wanton love ;
But unto death I'll tarry, unless I marry,
There are none on earth shall my ruin prove.

This London youth he stood amazed,
And for a season he nothing said,
All on her amorous beauty gazed,
At length to her these words he said :
I was in France, ay, and in Flanders,
And all around this fine Irish shore ;
I met with ladies, and great commanders,
But a match for Nancy I ne'er saw before.

Her friends and neighbours were all acquainted,
Of this great match that was in hands :
The wedding day it was appointed,
He crown'd his love with house and lands.
Mirth, and weavers, pipes, and tabours,
Great joy he had for to crown his love,
That day they wedded, and at night they bedded,
And a loving couple they did prove.

FINIS.

